

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'
MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

“O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day.” DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS, 4: 2.

No. 50, Vol. 91

Thursday, December 12, 1929

Price One Penny

CALLED TO BE PRESIDENT OF A MISSION*

ELDER EDWARD P. KIMBALL

AS I STEPPED from the organ bench to the pulpit, you saw a practical demonstration of one of the peculiarities of the “Mormon” system of calling missionaries and speakers from the ranks of the Church. I have never earned any money in any other way than by music. I am not trained, either to speak or to preside. I have been engaged in the musical profession since I was sixteen years old. I left it between 1902 and 1905 to fulfil a mission in the country to which I am now going to preside. I am going over there with a heart full of love for the German people. I have worked among them; I have eaten at their tables. I have taken luxuries which I know left them with frugal fare. I have been offered their beds when they made their own upon the floor. I have ridden when I knew they walked. My wants have been taken care of at great personal sacrifice to them. I have studied among them. I admire their culture. I admire the marvelous things that German culture has done for our present civilization. I admire the many wonderful things that they have done in art. So, I shall go to them understanding them and their language, being able to pray with them, being able to talk with them around their tables—to live in their homes as one of them—for which I am very grateful at this time.

I consider this call quite a tribute to the profession I represent. Musicians are not the high priests of religion, and never have been. Music is the handmaid of religion. It is the servant of the Church, not the leader. It does not often happen that men high

*From an address delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A., on Sunday, June 30th, 1929.

in my profession are called upon to become presiding officers in the Church. When you look back over your acquaintance with us you know that you rather expect the musician to be just a little bit under, or different from the average. You expect him to act peculiarly; you expect him to look peculiar.

I would like to say to the mothers and fathers of boys and girls who are embarking upon the study of music, that there is nothing in the decent practice of the profession of music which will in any way interfere with a man's or a woman's becoming a consistent Latter-day Saint and living a life that is acceptable to the Lord in the service of the Church, and I stand before you as a witness of this fact.

So I say, I consider this call a tribute to my profession, and I believe it will be wholesome in its effect upon the Church. I am not so modest as to think that my going abroad as one of the senior musicians of the Church, but in the capacity of mission president, will not have its good effect. I can thus testify by my life and conduct that it is possible for a man to achieve renown, not only locally, but nationally and internationally—that it is possible for a man to represent the artistic ideals of this people and still live the life of a Latter-day Saint acceptable to the quorums and the councils admitting him to the house of God. My sincere desire and my one and constant effort will be to continue this type of living while I am away from you.

TWO KINDS OF SERMONS

There are two kinds of sermons usually preached in the services of the Latter-day Saints, one of which is the doctrinal exposition. My experience during the past years has not been such as will qualify me to allow this meeting to fall into that category. I have sat at the Tabernacle organ now for twenty-four years, and have given my time to that entirely. I have devoted practically my whole attention to the music of the Church, so you may know what a thunder-bolt it was to me when the Presidency of the Church asked me if I would take this mission. Maybe when I return in three or four years from now—when I am released and come back, maybe I can give you a doctrinal exposition; but at the present time I shall not attempt it. However, I think the other kind of sermon is equally as important. That other type of sermon heard in the Latter-day Saint congregations is the recital of personal experience, personal testimony; and to me that is one of the most important and grandest things in our worship.

Now, just a word concerning my mission. I remember the time when this Tabernacle was the meeting place of the Salt Lake Stake, and no Elder was sent out on a mission who did not give his farewell commitment to the Saints in this building. And very few

of them came home without standing where I am now and bearing their testimony at the completion of their missionary work. As my mission has to do with the entire Church, and believing that a work which will touch the lives of the people in at least two and possibly three countries, and which may have to do with solving problems with kings, princes, ambassadors and government consuls (because I am not foolish enough to think that I am going into this work to be relieved of any of the responsibilities that any of my predecessors have had), is one of great importance, it should be of interest to you to hear the testimony of one who is to assume the responsibility. Having been in the mission field, when people come to me and say: "We congratulate you," I receive their congratulations; but I want to tell you I wake up in the middle of the night cold and chilled with a realization of the responsibility of this thing.

There are a great many people listening over the radio, and many are in this building perhaps, who have sons in the mission to which I am going, and many who will have sons go there while I am presiding in those countries. I think that the officers of the Church and the brethren of the Priesthood are entitled to know how a man feels who is going into the mission field to take charge of this important work.

AN ACTIVE TESTIMONY

Why am I going? One reason is because on one side there are three generations behind me, and on the other side there are four, who were members of the Church. The beginning of my stock in the Church three and four generations back were personal acquaintances and intimates of the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is in my blood—just as strongly a part of me as my complexion. It is in my blood just as strongly as the inherent Kimball characteristics, to believe this thing. That is one reason why I am going.

Somebody said to me yesterday: "You would not believe this thing if you had not been taught it." I grant that, but I thank God that I have been taught it. I thank God that I have had parents and grandparents who from the time they heard the testimony of the Prophet have burned with it, and have been big enough and brave enough to lay everything upon the altar of the Church, and go where they were called, without question; and deep down in my heart I would not dare to refuse this call. Also I have in mind this beautiful thought expressed by Theodore Roosevelt: "The greatness of the fathers becomes to the children a shameful thing if they use it only as an excuse for inaction instead of as a spur to effort for noble aims." This generation also has its mission.

If the Gospel of Jesus Christ was true in the days of Joseph Smith, if it was true in the days of Brigham Young, if it was true enough for my grandfather to leave his sick kinsfolk on the banks

of the river, without purse and food, and take up his journey and cross the ocean, an utter stranger in a strange land, in order to preach it, then it is true now. If the Church needed the best blood that it could get in those days it needs it now, and I was happy when one of the brethren said to me: "Do not think that this call comes to you because of any family connection." I never have felt that. He said: "There is undoubtedly something in your makeup which the Lord thinks can be used at this time in that mission." I hope so, at any rate. I have a peculiar propensity for being able to enthuse over whatever I do, and I hope that I will enthuse over this just as I have always done over everything that is good. I have made some sacrifices for my ideals, but this is no sacrifice. I cannot view it as such.

MY REASONS FOR BECOMING A MISSIONARY

Here are some of the reasons why I am going on this mission: Because I believe in God, in Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost. Because I believe that God is the Father of the universe. Because I believe that I am His son, that He is the Father of us all; that man is made in His image; that in the great work of creation was definite purpose; that man is the greatest work of God, and that the whole purpose of God's creation is the perfecting of man; that in His plan He has chosen at various times to call to His aid certain human beings upon the earth. I believe that it is neither inconsistent, illogical, nor irreverent to believe that God, who is a loving Father, would willingly bear the supplications of good men and make use of their earthly talents in carrying to consummation His purposes; that such vicarious work must be done in order; that in matters of the mind and the spirit, organization is necessary just as much as in physical things; that sincere men have kept record of such delegation from God, inspired by good common sense and a sense of their responsibility to future generations; that we possess much of these records in the Holy Bible; that allowing for perfectly natural ways of becoming changed and altered in certain particulars, they are in the main true; that any man who will examine them honestly and with the spirit of worship in his heart will find a continuous, consistent, contingent and perfectly harmonized account of God's purposes from the beginning. I sincerely believe that the purposes of God in all His work for man were manifested in the coming, life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Finally, I believe that men lost that knowledge in its completeness and directness, and with all my heart I believe that God restored it through the Prophet Joseph Smith. I believe that the Church has the responsibility of preaching this to the world. Those are some of the reasons why I am going on this mission.

You take your Billy Sunday, your Aimee McPherson and others

of that ilk. See the things they do. Is money behind it? Yes. Persecution? No. But here is a young man, who from the time he was fifteen years of age walked constantly in a straight line towards his certain goal, never once to retract a thing he had said, constantly agitating the feelings of the people more and more, because he expressed things again and again which hit harder and harder against the traditions and errors of the age. Men do not do these from earthly motives. You know yourselves that even missionaries sometimes, when they know there is a group on one corner that are going to throw epithets at them, possibly to do them bodily violence, do not walk squarely into it, but they go round about in order to get away from it. That is human nature. But this man, Joseph Smith, never did that. The very day before his death, when he returned to Nauvoo, knowing that his life would be taken, he said: "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am calm as a summer's morning; I have a conscience void of offense towards God and towards all men."

OF WHAT IS THIS GOSPEL?

Now, I ask you, viewed from a merely human standpoint, what is it? Follow those people from Kirtland to Missouri, to Nauvoo, and from there out here. What was it that gave my grandmother the courage to walk across the plains in the winter? To her dying day she exhibited to her children her frozen feet, frozen hands and nipped ears. What is it that makes it possible for people, when they hear the "Mormon" Elders, to leave all—father, mother, friends and inheritance—and become isolated, persecuted and hated besides? What is it? Is there anything human in it? Is it according to human tendencies? I say no.

Never was this lesson driven home to me with such force as upon one occasion during my last visit to Europe. We were invited to make a visit with some of the Elders. I did not understand at first what it was for, but it turned out to be this: We went into a house, climbed several flights of stairs to the loft. We did not knock on the door. I thought that was strange. The Elders knew why. We went through a dark ante-room over into a living room, and I saw not a living soul. We crossed the room and went over into the corner and there I saw a man lying on a bed. When the Elders went over to speak to him he did not move. He greeted them, but did not put out his hand to shake hands with them, and then I could see that he was blind.

I want to rehearse just a little of that man's life. He was born of rich parents among the gentility of that country. That means a man who has an income, who associates only with intelligentsia, who has all the entree to what we call genteel and polished society. He was a graduate of at least two of the great universities in that country and belonged to many of the exclusive

scientific bodies. Great honour had come to him as a young man because of his standing and his learning. Here he lay before us blind. He had not reached out his hand to shake hands, because he could not. He lay like a column of stone, from his shoulders to his feet atrophied, the result of a slow disease preying upon his body, which was gradually climbing towards the seat of his intelligence; and I guess that by now it has reached his brain and that he is gone. Here was a sad thing, and it cried out as I had never heard anything cry out before, the truth of the old statement thundered from Sinai: "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." The grandfather of this boy was a profligate, and this boy now lay as stone from his shoulders to his feet and without sight, left all day by a devoted wife to take care of himself—for he lay there all day in solitude and possibly in thought—while she went out and gathered in a few pennies by carrying newspapers up and down stairs and by scrubbing dirty office floors. Had fire broken out in the building, that man would have burned like a stick of wood, unless somebody had been around who knew his circumstances. He was perfectly helpless.

PRICELESS ABOVE ALL ELSE

Now to the story. We had gone there to confer upon him the Lesser Priesthood and ordain him to the office of Deacon. The ordinance was performed, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, after the hands of the Elders were removed from his head, he said: "If I could have everything back that I had in the beginning; if I could associate with those with whom I have associated in the past; if I could have the honours that I have had; if I could look out of this window and see the grass and the flowers; if I could look into the eyes of my wife that I have not seen for twelve long years; if I could touch her; if I could caress her; in other words, if I could be normal in every way, and yet if I had to give up this thing that you have just conferred upon me, I would prefer to lie as I am."

Now what was it? I will tell you what it was. It was the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and it was the blessings that come with it. Those things that a man can know better than he knows that he lives, but he cannot tell you why he knows them. That is why I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

From that moment I said to myself: The least I can do is so to live that the Prophet and my progenitors will not be ashamed of me.

My brethren and sisters, I believe that the Priesthood of the Church and the people of the Church are entitled to know how I feel, and I have expressed my feelings to you in a spirit of humility. I am not going out with any feeling that I am on any great

vacation, I promise you that. Whenever a man tells me that his missionary experience is the best of his life, I wonder what kind of a missionary he was, or whether he is exactly truthful. I never found any exhilaration; I never found any frivolous happiness in my mission. I believe that when a man realizes the responsibility that is on him, and that the people in that mission over whom he presides look to him for guidance and instruction, and that they have a right to look to him for these things, then everything within human power will be done for their welfare; and that is the spirit with which I accept this mission.

PREPARATION FOR THE GOSPEL OF PEACE

In a spirit of humility and with gratitude to my brethren for the responsibility they have placed upon me, the great opportunity they have given me for service, I should like to close my remarks with the words of a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith at a time when he and Oliver Cowdery were down-cast and needed encouragement:

Wherefore, lift up your hearts and rejoice, and gird up your loins, and take upon you my whole armor, that ye may be able to withstand the evil day, having done all, that ye may be able to stand.

Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, which I have sent mine angels to commit unto you;

Taking the shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked;

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of my Spirit, which I will pour out upon you, and my word which I reveal unto you, and be agreed as touching all things whatsoever ye ask of me, and be faithful until I come, and ye shall be caught up, that where I am ye shall be also. Amen.

In this spirit and with a realization at least of something that it entails, I accept this mission and consecrate myself to the service of the Church, the people and the Lord, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

THE VAMPIRE OF WAR

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on Camps and Courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need for Arsenals and Forts.
 The Warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
 And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1929

EDITORIAL

COOPERATION

THE LORD, Creator of man and the universe, was the first to recognize the value of cooperation. It was He who said, after having created Adam: "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." And thus, from the very beginning of recorded mortal life upon earth, the benefits of cooperation have been heralded abroad through the world.

Cooperation implies a willingness on our part to sacrifice our personal interests for the benefits of others. Oftentimes when highways are to be improved, roads must be straightened, dangerous corners eliminated, and much farming land turned into traffic lanes. Sometimes the loss to the farmers is very great, when such improvements are made. Yet, for the benefit of the whole community, understanding both the advantages and disadvantages such changes entail, in most cases the farmers are the best boosters of these projects. In other avenues of life, like changes result in similar attitudes among those who meet on common ground for the benefit of the community as a whole. They realize that all share in the benefits derived from good roads, telephone and telegraph systems, from electric power plant installation, from free schools or courses of free public instruction. Our sacrifices now, will in many instances, be rewarded in the future; and what now seems to us a luxury, may soon become a commonplace necessity. We are being educated to the fact that what helps the community, eventually helps us individually.

The bettering of international trade and diplomatic relations, the advancement of modern business through the credit system, and the bringing forth of new inventions, imply community trust and honour. As the world grows more "civilized," it grows smaller; steam navigation, the railroad, the airplane, the radio, the telegraph and other means of conveying news and commerce bring the nations of the world closer together every day. The representatives of governments, educational institutions, religious organizations, trade unions and associations, traveling abroad, meet people of other countries, carry to them goodwill, and form a world brotherhood for universal progress. Ideas gleaned abroad are planted at home, and soon, like the lump of yeast, they spread and leaven the thought of the world.

In the Church of Jesus Christ, as established in the days of the Saviour, men from all walks of life were included. Seventy men

were sent out, two by two, into the various countries round about Jerusalem, to observe the habits and customs of the people; to teach them the Gospel of Jesus Christ; to bring light and happiness into their lives. At their head were the Twelve Apostles chosen by Jesus Christ Himself, traveling witnesses to the divinity of His mission. They formed a religious brotherhood, learned in the ways of the world and teaching the word and ways of God. They were more than recompensed for their personal sacrifices in following the Master by their acceptance of the glorious precepts He taught; by the power of the holy Priesthood He bestowed upon them; by the knowledge they gained through missionary service, of the governments of the then known world. And Christ Himself, in love and humility, gave the supreme sacrifice. He died that we might live; He died that the prisoned souls in the spirit world should be taught the Gospel of life and become free. What greater act of cooperation among mankind has ever been wrought?

To-day, in the restored Church of Jesus Christ, the same Priesthood power exists; the same essential ordinances are in force to-day as were spread abroad by the disciples of Christ in the meridian of time. But we have a fuller opportunity to-day to cooperate with humanity than has ever before been granted to mortal man. We have the opportunity of obeying the law of tithing and the Word of Wisdom; we have the privilege of searching for our kindred dead, and of having their temple work done for them, that they, as well as we, may receive eternal life—a real opportunity for whole-hearted cooperation. Our duty is to live this Gospel, and to work together in building up our homes, our branches, our missions, during this coming season—to make each month a forward step for the benefit of all.

Let each of us do our bit to cooperate in pushing forward the work of the Lord. Willing workers go farther than scoffing idlers. Cooperation brings the greatest rewards.

WESTON N. NORDGREN

ACCEPTING A MISSION CALL

ELDER JUEL L. ANDREASEN

Esbjerg District, Danish Mission

IN AUGUST, 1927, the ward Bishopric called me into their special meeting and asked me if I desired to go on a mission. I was overjoyed, and told them I would go. They then asked me if there was any special place I wanted to go. I told them: "Any place on earth, except Denmark or the Southern States."

My mission call came from President Grant about the first of September, stating that I was called to the Danish Mission, and

that I was expected to report at the Mission Home in Salt Lake City, Utah, on October 31st, and be prepared to leave for Denmark on November 11th. I was also to reply, stating whether or not I would accept the call.

My whole soul seemed to rebel at the thought of going to Denmark, and I went to work each day with rebellion in my mind. I did not answer the letter immediately, but went ahead with my daily work.

On September 19th, I went to work on the cement highway as usual, but was given a new job, that of driving a truck to Provo, and doing a little work in the shop there. I cranked the truck and was soon on my way. I noticed the steering wheel was very loose. As my companion and I traveled, my dinner bucket started to slip off the seat, and I made a grab for it with one hand while holding to the wheel with the other. As I did so, the right front wheel of the car hit a culvert, pitching me into the air and on to the cement road. I was on my feet in an instant, and waved my hand to show my companion I was all right, though scratched a bit on the face; but I found something else was wrong—my left hand was sticking straight out from my arm. I grabbed hold of my wrist and gave it a jerk, thinking it was dislocated; but I found that my arm was broken. Then my companion telephoned a doctor and I was soon in the hospital, with my arm set and properly bandaged.

That week my doctor left for California, and I came under the care of another physician, who seemed not to be interested in me. One day I felt the bones slip several times, so I went to him and told him of it. He took the splints off and gave it a good rubbing; then he told me not to worry—that the bones were still in place.

As the days went by, I began to feel better about my mission call; and also, I felt it my duty to go where I had been called—to Denmark. I answered President Grant's letter, telling him I would go. A few days before leaving home to attend the Mission Home classes, I visited the doctor and he said my arm was doing fine and that I would be able to leave for Denmark at the appointed time.

One week passed in the Mission Home, and on Tuesday of the second week we were set apart to our different fields of labour. We bought our railroad and steamship tickets and prepared to leave. My father then handed me a letter from the State Insurance Company, stating the doctor had sent in his bills and a report that I was able to go back to work again; they enclosed my last pay check, which was stamped "Case Closed." But my arm was still in splints, and I was unable to shut my hand; anyone could tell that I was not able to work. My father and I went to the insurance office, where my arm was examined, and later x-rayed by one of the best doctors in Salt Lake City. The x-ray

picture showed that the bones were lying side by side instead of end to end, as they should have done.

Then for the first time, I was sorry that I couldn't go with the other missionaries to Denmark. I was sorry I hadn't accepted my call at first, so that the Lord would have blessed and protected me, and so that I could have gone at the proper time. I went to the Church Office Building, and found that another group of missionaries would leave for Denmark in January, 1928. That seemed a long time to wait, but I hoped I could get my arm completely well, and go then. With that thought in mind I went to the Latter-day Saints' Hospital on the following day. The Salt Lake doctor had selected a bone specialist to help him, and they operated on my arm, cutting the meat from the bone, boring holes in the bones and sewing them together with kangaroo tendon. Then they put my arm in a cast, from the shoulder to the tips of my fingers. I stayed in the hospital for two weeks, and then returned home to Provo.

In January, I was again called to Salt Lake City by the doctors, and an x-ray examination showed that the bones had slipped again, but not enough to require another operation. A callous formation had begun to develop about the bones—a good sign. But I was told I couldn't go on my mission until the next summer. All through January I stayed in Salt Lake City and received electrical treatments for my arm. Then I returned home, but was called back within a week. This time the x-ray showed the bones had dissolved away and were not touching. Two x-ray experts, one a bone specialist and one a medical doctor, said to me: "There is very little hope of your arm ever healing; in fact, there is so little hope that the only question in our minds is whether to operate now, taking a piece of bone from your leg and grafting it into your arm, or waiting for two years, until you return from your mission. We are afraid if we operate now, the bones will dissolve away again." They sent me home, and were to let me know in a week or two, what they had decided to do about my arm.

On the following Sunday, February 19th, 1928, Apostle David O. McKay came to Provo to talk in a Sunday School convention. I told him all that the doctors had said, and he told me he felt he should give me a blessing. I cannot remember all the words he uttered, and if I could, I would be unable to write them as he uttered them. He pleaded with the Lord to have mercy on me, stating my greatest desire was to preach the Gospel. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon me. My whole soul was filled with light; I felt too weak to receive all the comfort and blessing that was given me, and I cried because of my weakness and in thanksgiving for the Lord's blessings to me. When Brother McKay finished giving the blessing, he walked to the other side of the room, with his back turned toward me. When I had dried

my eyes, he came and shook hands with me, and said: "Goodbye, God bless you."

About three days later the doctors called me to Salt Lake City again. Without knowledge of my being blessed, and without taking another x-ray examination, they put a little cast on my arm, about one foot long, and said: "Your arm will heal."

In May my arm was healed, and I prepared and left for my mission field on June 9th, 1928.

Did all of these things just happen? Or is there a greater power than man's, which helps us in time of need? I know that God lives and blesses His children, giving them wonderful experiences to strengthen their testimonies. I know that Jesus Christ is God's Only Begotten Son; and I know that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of the Lord. This is my testimony; I give it to the world. I am glad to labour as a missionary in the service of God, in Denmark—in the Danish Mission—the land of my forefathers.

A STRENGTHENED TESTIMONY

DORIS OWENS

Burnley Branch, Liverpool District

FOR nearly two years I have been the unfortunate victim of frequent fainting attacks and serious heart trouble. This was due to excessive exertion to attain my ambitions in the trade to which I was apprenticed when but sixteen years old. Up till that time I was exceedingly strong and healthy. During Sacrament meeting on Sunday, November 24th, 1929, I was struck by one of these heart attacks. For over an hour I fought for breath and completely lost my senses twice; it was even thought for a moment that I had passed away; and several times when my dimmed senses became a little more active, I thought my time had surely come. Eventually, while still struggling for breath, and my strength having completely gone, the Elders administered to me. I was leaning heavily on my sister at the time, but not for long, for as soon as my name was uttered in prayer my whole being burned as if on fire; my breathing immediately became normal, renewed strength flowed into my weakened body, and I knew for a surety that the Spirit of God was resting upon me. At the close of the administration I felt strange and bewildered, but uncommonly strong and happy. I straightway walked unassisted across the room and proceeded to put on my hat and start for home.

Words cannot express the glowing thankfulness and rapture that filled my heart. I felt most unworthy of such a supreme blessing, and I only hope and pray for strength and wisdom that I may devote the rest of my life, both here and through all

eternity, to active service in the work of God. I know I can never thank or repay my Heavenly Father enough for such a glorious blessing and testimony. I also hope that all who witnessed that miraculous recovery will allow their testimonies to be strengthened as mine has been.

WHEN THE HOLY GHOST GIVES UTTERANCE

ELDER PAUL A. PETERSON

PEMBROKESHIRE, commonly called "Little England Beyond Wales," has been the host of the missionaries of the Welsh District during the past summer months. During this time a vigorous campaign has been carried on, in which many open air and hall meetings have been successfully held.

The poverty-stricken town, Pembroke Dock, has been thoroughly canvassed and many sincere investigators have been found, though we met much opposition from the clergymen and laymen alike. Perhaps the chief means of keeping up the enthusiasm of the people was to give them an opportunity to hear our message at open air meetings twice a week.

Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints enjoy the gift of the Holy Ghost. This gift is given to baptized members, by the laying on of hands of those who have the authority so to do. Though this precious gift is given soon after baptism, it may operate immediately, or at some future time. We read in the twelfth chapter of St. Luke:

"And when they bring you unto the synagogues, and unto magistrates, and powers, take ye no thought how or what thing ye shall answer, or what ye shall say: For the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say."

It was after the last speaker had concluded his remarks on the "Word of Wisdom," stressing the need of abstinence from tobacco, that a local preacher, in the midst of a disapproving crowd, shouted: "Rubbish! We have never heard such a pack of lies before!" I had never undertaken a more difficult task than to quiet the crowd, and to help them to see the harmful effects of tobacco on their systems. I succeeded however, in quieting the people, and I then continued to answer questions, to the dismay of the preacher. "You will wish you had never stopped here!" he shouted; and he threatened to have us dumped into the bay.

For a time things looked decidedly against us, despite the intervention of a few friends. At this time the words of the Master, spoken when He was brought before the high priest, came to me: "In secret have I said nothing. . . . If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest

thou me?" As I repeated these words aloud, a deathly hush stilled the assembled people, as though all were confounded. I spoke as one having authority, and never before did I have a passage of scripture "go home" as that one did. Certainly the Holy Ghost had given me utterance, for it had been years since I had learned that text.

The meeting continued until ten o'clock, after which many copies of the Book of Mormon were distributed; and a peaceful influence prevailed in our meetings from that time on.

AN IMPULSE OBEYED

ELDER LESTER D. FISHER

OFTEN, our most interesting experiences are encountered when we least expect them, and for that reason we do not realize, while participating in them, their great importance.

On Sunday, August 18th, I was left alone in the town of Loughborough, to hold a cottage meeting with the Saints that reside there, and also to hold an open air meeting later, if the weather would permit. My companion, Elder Patterson, was on circuit to the Leicester Branch.

The cottage meeting was held to my satisfaction, but as the weather remained unfavourable, I decided not to hold the meeting in the open air. I visited awhile with the Saints after the cottage meeting, until nine o'clock, at which time I left for my lodge. The "short cut" to the lodge took me through the market place. Just before I arrived at the market, it ceased raining, but still I had no intention of holding the meeting, due to the lateness of the hour, and because so few people were about.

When I reached the market place, it seemed impossible for me to go any farther. A strong urge to preach gripped me. Obedient to the impulse, I set my brief case on the ground in the centre of the market place and started to speak upon some of the principles of the Gospel. It seemed the power of speech was given to me more than at any other time. Among those who stopped to listen to my words, were two men, one of whom had evidently visited a "public house" just previously; the other seemed sober and sincere.

After I had finished speaking, the latter asked for a Book of Mormon and some pamphlets, which I sold him. He then went to my lodge with me, eager to know more pertaining to the message of the Gospel. We conversed for some time, and he left, very interested. I believe he is a sincere searcher after truth, and hope to become better acquainted with him. To me, the whole experience is another testimony that "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

ULSTER DISTRICT CONFERENCE

AS A RESULT of the extensive advertising, many people were in attendance at the semi-annual conference of the Ulster and Free State Districts, held jointly, in the Ulster Minor Hall, on Sunday, December 1st, 1929.

There were in attendance: President A. William Lund, Sister Josephine B. Lund, and Elder Clifton G. M. Kerr, of the British Mission office; Elder Ralph A. Garner, of the European Mission office; President John L. Clarke, London; Elders David A. Buchanan and Joseph R. Greenhalgh, Scottish; and the following missionaries of the Ulster District: President Adrain L. Orme, Elders Ferrell N. Beckstead, Fred H. Cox, Cecil H. Toone, J. Ellis Yardley, Alma C. Palmer, William Yancey, Arthur S. Gailey, Gordon L. Allen, and Arlow W. Nalder.

The conference theme, "The Restoration," was very ably presented by the members of the Belfast Branch in the morning session of the conference. In the afternoon session President Adrain L. Orme was released as head of the Ulster District, and Elder Ferrell N. Beckstead was sustained to succeed him.

All present were gratified with the conference and many friends were added to "Mormonism." About sixty per cent. of those present were investigators. A favourable report of the conference appeared in the *Northern Whig*.

FRED H. COX, District Clerk

THE MISSIONARY SPEAKS

No Christmas "Vacations." Under the new system inaugurated last Christmas time, two results were very apparent to me: First, we were, on Christmas Day, admitted into some of the homes, where, theretofore, though we had constantly tried, we had never been admitted. The spirit of the delinquent members, for such they were, seemed just right to welcome anyone, no matter who, to come and partake of their little celebrations. In other words, the "Spirit of Christmas" was there. And new acquaintances were made with members and non-members whom we had never been able to meet previously. Second, instead of pleasure, we enjoyed happiness. It was the first Christmas I have ever spent when I was thinking more of someone else than I was of myself. Mine was a rather selfish attitude, don't you think? This brought the difference then, for if we are to "love our neighbour as ourself" we must try to make him happy too; as the words of the song go: "I want to be happy, but I can't be happy, 'til I make you happy too."

PAUL C. LAYTON, Hull District President

FROM THE MISSION FIELD

Transfer: Elder John W. Adams has been transferred from the Birmingham to the London District.

Swedish Mission Arrivals: The following missionaries have arrived at Stockholm, Sweden, since September 6th, to labour in the Swedish Mission: LeRoy W. Forsberg, Avon, Utah; Franze A. Franzoni, Lovell, Wyoming; Ivan G. Pihl, Holliday, Utah; Carl Herman Olson, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Appointments: On Wednesday, November 20th, Elder Joseph A. Checketts was appointed president of the Bristol District, to succeed President Wilford N. Hemmert.

On Sunday, November 24th, Elder Richard C. Badger succeeded President J. Willard Harmon as President of the Leeds District.

Elder Wesley D. Amott succeeded Elder Alvin G. Pack as M. I. A. Director of the British Mission, on November 12th.

On December 1st, Elder Ferrell N. Beckstead was appointed president of the Ulster District, to succeed President Adrain L. Orne.

Arrivals and Assignments: The following British Missionaries arrived at Liverpool aboard the *Duchess of York* on November 29th; they have been thus assigned: Elwood Alvin Gee, Provo, Utah, to the Birmingham District; Walter Gardner Windsor, Lowell, Arizona, to the Bristol District; James Ratcliffe Clark, Grantsville, Utah, to the Bristol District; Hyrum Wilkinson Eekersley, Salt Lake City, Utah, to the Leeds District; Noel Thomas Stoddard, Richmond, Utah, to the Liverpool District; Hillman Cyrus Snell, Provo, Utah, the Liverpool District; Lyndon Jesse Hall, Payson, Utah, to the Liverpool District; Marion Lawrence Clawson, Phoenix, Arizona, to the London District; Owen Meredith Wilson, Salt Lake City, Utah, to the London District; Eldon Clyde Ririe, Ririe, Idaho, to the Manchester District; Howard LeRoy Armstrong, Robin, Idaho, to the Manchester District; Merrill Parke Gunnell, Grace, Idaho, to the Nottingham District; O. Sherwin Webb, Richmond, Utah, to the Scottish District.

BRITISH MISSION ADDRESS: A. WILLIAM LUND, PRESIDENT, 23 BOOTH STREET, HANDSWORTH, BIRMINGHAM

CONTENTS

Called to be President of a Mis-	When the Holy Ghost Gives
sion 785	Utterance 797
Poetry: The Vampire of War... 791	An Impulse Obeyed 798
Editorial: Cooperation 792	Ulster District Conference ... 799
Accepting a Mission Call ... 793	The Missionary Speaks 799
A Strengthened Testimony ... 796	From the Mission Field 800

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN A. WIDTSOE, 295 EDGE LANE
LIVERPOOL